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J. M. HAYDN

*die Schuldigkeit des ersten und vornehmsten Gebotes, that is.*

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The title speaks for itself, thank God. The publisher is Grendel Press, Box 8342, San Diego, CA. 92102 U.S.A. Phone (714) 239-1574.

POETRY CONTEST: I had planned that the contest results would be announced this issue. However, I see I listed a deadline of 11 March. God only knows why; that has absolutely no relationship to anything! So:

Poetry contest deadline is 23 February 1972. If you haven't bellobtted yet, send your ballot sheet in. (In case you've lost it, I have a few extra ballots which I will mail to someone for an 8c stamp.) Seven ballots only so far, and most categories are very close.

THE CALIFORNIA CIVIL WAR: Readers of this magazine who are not very familiar with California ought to be lot in on a few things. The Civil war which Bob Ward and I are staging, joined now by Rod Walker, is an outgrowth of a number of things: the traditional North-South rivalry which exists in California; the propensity Bob and I have for arguing about damn near anything; and a press-release war which was conducted a few years ago in Bob's old magazine MARSOVIA. In the various press releases dealing with this war, the place names mentioned are all actual places in the State, and more often than not in San Diego County. (Don't get out your maps, you won't find many of them - except maybe on a good highway atlas) The people mentioned are generally Californians, usually political hacks or parodies thereon. For example, my character William Matselboba used to be San Diego's perennial 'joke' candidate for any available office; he never won. Similar distinctions are held by Woody Giles, Harold Treskanoff, and several other names used in these pages. Bob's Dame Princetonia Garrigus is a parody on the 'poet laureate' of California, state Assemblyman Charles Garrigus. My characters Tom Horn and Frank Curran are both has-been San Diego politicians, both of whom were turned out of office after being indicted for fraud. A couple of the characters, e.g. Jack E. Leonard and Henry J. Krajewski, have nothing to do with California; Krajewski stems from the aforementioned MARSOVIA days, and Leonard seemed to me the perfect symbol of a man who is 100% mouth.

So now when you read of the Massacre at Guerenville or the Battle of Shingle Springs, you'll have a vague idea of what's going on. By the way, that's Guerneville.

Game 1971-BA - Fall 1903

BAVARIAN BLIZZARD CUTS COMMUNICATION AGAIN,  
SWEEPS TO FRANCE AND AUSTRIA! TURKS  
SMASH HABSBURG, ROAR INTO SECOND! RUSSIANS  
STALLED AS ITALIANS SWITCH! ETCETERA!

AUSTRIA (Manogg): No moves. A's boh, bud, vie; f alb (h). a ser (h).  
ENGLAND (Barrows): f nth-nwy, f cc-mid. f nwg (s) nth-nwy.  
FRANCE (Poery): No moves. A's bel, mar, bur; f's-glyo, spa sc (h).  
GERMANY (Just): No moves. A's den, holl, mun, ber; f kie (h).  
ITALY (Walker): a tyo (s) tri. a tri (s) aus bud. f ion (s) aus  
abb-gre. f wheed-mid.  
RUSSIA (Ward): a nwy (s) swe. a swe (s) nwy. a gal (s) rum-bud.  
a rum-bud. f sov (h). f bal (h). f stp no - bar.  
TURKEY (Ver Floeg): a bul (s) gre-ser. a gre-ser. f bla (s) bul.  
f aeg-gre.

The Austrian army Serbia is annihilated.

The odd positions reflected for Turkey are easily explained. I goofed last issue; this game does use the Koning Rule, and thus the Turkish follow-up move to Bulgaria succeeded. Players directly concerned were notified by card.

Supply centers held in 1903:

A: vic, bud (2). Remove two.  
B: lon, lvp, edi (3).  
F: mar, bur, par, spa, bel (5). (For bur read bre.)  
G: ven, rom, nap, tun, tri (5). Build one.  
I: ber, kie, mun, den, holl (5).  
R: stp, nos, sov, war, rum, swe, nwy (7).  
T: ank, amy, con, bul, gre, ser (6). Build two.

And in the above list Germany and Italy are exactly reversed.  
Fall 1903 Builds due wednesday, Feb. 23, 1972.

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This issue is being typed on my birthday. What better way to spend such a lovely holiday?

With the above evidence of loss of interest, I am thinking in terms of proposing that we solicit replacements. I am not calling a formal vote now, but if there are any player comments, I'd be interested to see what you think. Personally I don't much want them, but I hate to see an otherwise good game ruined by three lazy asses.

Frankly, this game has not met my expectations. Few of you seem very interested, really. I know I'm not. Anyone care to propose cancellation?



Bill Linden has correctly identified the flag of Grand Sevastopol. However, I'm not going to reveal his answer; others of you may care to try. Lewis? Various others?

Linden also has a news bulletin: "You know how Count Vardak got his perrage? When some dastard tried to assassinate the regent, Our Hero beated him singlehanded. On the spot, he had to stand up and be counted."

And John McCallum adds this to our William of Orange accidental sub-contest:

Van Oranj is Willem;  
He vows to kill 'em  
As battle they join  
At the side of the Boyne.

This William of Orange thing was never supposed to exist! The idea was to find something to rhyme with 'orange,' and the people that tried picked Prince Billy as their subject. And now we have a full-blown series! Moin Gott, when will this poetry crud end? (As a matter of fact, I rather like the way this is going. And it's catching on, too; Bob Ward and I have a 'Plagiarise the Poets'-thing under way in EIDGELY, George Harter and I are working on something similar in CASCAWIA, and John Leeder has just made the mistake of starting one in my Canadian magazine - will he ever be sorry! And there's always the grand-daddy of all, the original MARSOVIA poetry contest....)

I want to make one thing perfectly clear: I am definitely not a candidate for President. My name just happens, by pure accident, to be on the primary ballot in 37 states, and I assure you I am taking whatever steps necessary to get it off. To this end I am travelling the length and breadth of each of these States, telling the people the truth! And I am spending almost four million dollars to do it! Of course, in the event I am drafted....

Press time, people.

CONSTANTINOPLE: Shoes for industry, compadre.

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: I wish we could have been friends, Harry, but that's the way the Croats bounce.

VIENNA: The Austrian nation hereby declares war on Bosnia, Colonel Popoalliance, and the flag of the.....only the shadow knows.

ANKARA: Hah! Aggressor Homeland, my ass! Once again, only Ward and I know. ((And now Linden. Besides, Bob told Rod and me.)) From the poppy fields of the Ankara suburbs to the secret identity of

----- I shall not speak. We need some sort of help, you know.

ORANGE: Nick? Is that you, Nick? Are you really hiding in Serbia, Nick? Well, as soon as I get this heavy obsidian door-knocker from around my ankle, I'll be up there to help you into the Same Old Place. ((What in blazes are you doing with knockers around your ankles?))

**TURKEY TO GERMANY:** Say, Eric, how can you be in two places at once when you're.....heavy on the thirty-weight, man.

**ANKARA TO ACROSS THE SNA:** Say, Colonel, there's a new shipment of opium into Baghdad-by-the-Bay.

**JANUL:** From the whorcs of Lecteruma,  
To the grasslands of Janul.  
We will keep our fires stoked and lit,  
Long as you-all keeps it cool.  
We will fight for right and justice,  
We will fight for liberty;  
But if any fuzz knocks at the door,  
We will quick go take a pee.

**JACUMBA (28 Sept. 1903):** Striking from secret bases near Laguna Salada in Mexico, forces of the Neo-Roman Empire, in alliance with the Loyalist Government of Dame Carrigus, today seized this vital position in the rebel defense line. Within days, the legions of Emperor Caligula II had overcome the stout resistance of the rebel army, nearly capturing Jack E. Leonard himself, and had taken Cestillo and Mountain Springs. "At last!", shouted Praetor Iacinius Pamba, "we have cut communications between Coyote Wells and Dulaura. Who can doubt that the collapse of the rebellion is but days away?" Meanwhile, the highly disciplined Roman troops were engaging in a highly disciplined orgy of rapine and pillage, although (as one centurion noted) pigs and old faded levis weren't exactly what they were used to.

**LA JOLIA (3 Oct. 1903):** Her Exquisite Highness, Lucretia, Duchess of Este, landed here today with her company of Musketeers, Arbusquers, and Longbowmen. She immediately seized the town and was met with a heartfelt demonstration for Jack E. Leonard. "I'm afraid you're on the wrong side," Her Grace said laconically, looking for a good long wall to use for executions.

"We are?" asked Mayor Marston Moor, seconded by 300 little old ladies in chinchilla coats and tennis shoes. "Well, in that case, how about we take that shot over?"

**LA JOLIA (3 Oct. 1903):** Her Exquisite Highness, Lucretia, Duchess of Este, landed here today with her company of Musketeers, Arbusquers, and Longbowmen. She immediately seized the town and was met with a heartfelt demonstration for Dame Princetonia Carrigus. "How lovely," cooed Her Grace, watching hundreds of little old ladies in chinchilla coats and house slippers parade up and down Prospect St., which was renamed Carrigus Drive for the occasion. Meanwhile, the commanders of Her Grace's expedition began planning a link-up with Roman forces in the South, which had captured Wisteria and Live Oak Springs and were driving on Guntay - or would be as soon as they had paid off the parking fines given their chariots by the local constable in Wisteria, Boleslav Codger.

**TARENTO (5 Oct. 1903):** The Mythmic Republic today declared war on Dame Princetonia Carrigus, and announced the dispatch of an entire corps to help the Leonardian rebels. The First Corps d'Ballet may be expected at Eureka next month, if the winds are right. -



JAMUL: Reporters gathered around in droves this morning to await the press conference of Lt.-Gen. Tom Hom, who was expected to discuss new developments emanating from the Neo-Roman attack on several patriot positions. At 9:13 sharp, Lt.-Gen. Hom appeared promptly for his 8:00 press conference and began intoning the news: "Hi. I'm Tom Hom. Hi. I'm Tom Hom. Hi. I'm Tom Hom.... (he continued in this vein until each person in the room had been individually addressed. Twice.) As you know, foreign armies have struck our Eastern fortresses from Mexican bases, and other elements of the same forces have apparently landed in La Jolla, where they have barricaded themselves in Scripps Oceanarium and are presently raping fish. These developments have not gone unnoticed by either of the area commanders of Jamillian troops, Brig.-Gen. William 'Bulky Bill' Matselboba in the East and Capt. Harold 'Dumbwaiter' Traskenoff in the La Jolla region. Hi, I'm Tom Hom. This is not a recording.

"As I say, these attacks have not gone entirely unnoticed. Almost, but not entirely. Let me deal with each case separately, mainly because if I didn't do that I would have to deal with them as one, and that would take less time. In the east, Gen. Matselboba has seized on one fatal mistake the Neo-Romans made; they captured Jacumba and began moving west, first securing the eastern desert watchpost at Ocotillo Wells and then taking Mountain Springs, Wisteria, Live Oak Springs, and thence to almost Pine Valley and Guatay. But they forgot Boulevard, and there they made their fatal mistake. For, as you are all no doubt aware, I'm Tom Hom - I mean, several years ago when the Highway Department built the new road through that area, they bypasses Boulevard. Immediately the enraged citizenry sent up the howling cry: "We shall not be bypassed!" And you will also no doubt recall the various cases of counter-activity which the Boulevarders have perpetrated since, such as the famous Carrizo Gorge detour of all traffic into a box canyon, and the Laguna Fire - that got a little out of control, of course; we had nothing against Alpine and Jamul itself - and of course last month's total demolition of the entire road. Well, when the Neo-Roman bypass of Boulevard became known, hee-hee, you can guess what happened, can't you? Good; I got to tell you. Well, the band of Boulevarders simply walked up to the Neo-Roman armies besieging Pine Valley and said, "You bypassed us. You can't do that. Get the hell back there and conquer us!" The Romans, shamefaced little dogs, promptly turned tail and trotted straight back to Boulevard, hee hee hee, but of course that meant abandoning all their positions along the way, and our brilliant General Matselboba simply moved in and took them all back! wasn't that clever?! And then, ooo-hee-hoo, General Matselboba marched straight into Boulevard, right among the Romans, and bellowed, "Here I am! I have not bypassed you!" And the cheering throngs of Boulevarders seized upon the Romans and drove them from the town. Last I heard they had fled all the way to the Vizcaino Desert way down in Baja California. And - 00000heehheehheeh - best of all, on the way they went back through Wisteria and got more tickets! HA HA HA! Goody gumdrops, we did it again....

"Hi. I'm Tom Hom."

JAMUL: The Jamillian Order of Leonards has been awarded to Master Spy Boleslav 'Five-Dollar' Codger in recognition of 'meritorious service to the patriot cause.' Codger, a paraplegic, received the award this morning, on his 94th birthday.

BIRD ROCK (near La Jolla): Observers on the scene here at the Western Roman thrust into patriot territory report the strange situation which led to Roman abandonment of La Jolla. It now appears that the Romans, commanded by the notorious bourgeois hooker Lucretia, were deeply hurt by the news of the rout of Eastern Roman forces. They decided then that instead of an eastward thrust, they would move south to conquer Chula Vista, National City, Imperial Beach and Nestor. They marched peacefully along the coast, commandeered ferries to Coronado - a long-time loyalist stronghold - and proceeded apace down the Silver Strand about one-half mile. At that point the wind shifted and the breeze ~~swung~~ wafted east-to-west across the top of the Naval Station Sanitary Disposal Unit and firefighting school. Instantly and totally sickened by the odor, and choked by the burning fumes, the troops turned as a man, ran back to Coronado, vibrated the aircraft carrier Enterprise (a loyalist tank anyway), and left. At last sighting they had passed the Islas de Revillagigedo and were making full steam for the canal.

Meanwhile, Scripps Institute ichthyologists were astounded by what Lucretia's legions had left behind. At latest count forty-two species previously unborn in captivity had spawned, either laying multitudinous eggs or giving live birth to....well, just in case you recently had dinner, we'll let it go here.

MOSCOW: Tsar Nicholas pointed to the Russian inactivity in Trans-S Scandinavia to show the defensive intentions of spring maneuvers. "We desire peace with Germany, peace with England, and even peace with Colonel Popogord, though he will have to agree to return to exile, this time in Jamul. With a fate like that in store, I don't blame him for fighting on."

SEVASTOPOL: General Grand Duke Popogord rejected out of hand the latest offer from the Tsar. "Live in Jamul? The Grand Duchy of Sevastopol has made more progress, and more territorial gains in two years than the Russian Empire in 400 years. We have diplomatic relations with more countries; as many armies and fleets, almost, as Russia; and a better quality of leadership. If the Tsar wants to become a protectorate of Grand Sevastopol we might be able to work something out. Of course HE would have to go to Jamul, but a ruler should be prepared to sacrifice for his people."

SACRAMENTO: The California Supreme Court today struck down the Jamulian Reapportionment Plan and reinstated the districts controlled by Sacramento-based legislators. The Court, in a unanimous opinion, held that "the purported reapportionment is void. It does not reflect the constitutional guarantees, nor elementary fair play. It is a document of chicanery, imposed by duplicity." The Court immediately ordered the California State Police to duty as Marshals of the Court, for the purpose of freeing those northern centers 'liberated' by the 133d Jamulian light Infantry - better known in military circles as the Baby Rapers. The Court also issued a bench warrant for self-styled 'Senator' Vance Yorty on charges of impersonating a public official, bribery, misconduct, breach of the peace, and public drunkenness.

CAMEO: Southern District Headquarters today confirmed that Campo is still in loyalist hands. It is reported that a scout force, cleverly disguised as a Boy Scout Troop, is ready to occupy Borrego, and the Indian Reservation has declared loyalty to the Sacramento government.



SACRAMENTO: H. Princetonia Garrigus, R.N., today publicly pledged to "tear that damned pipsqueak Percy Wadsworth Guest limb from limb" if he "didn't watch who the hell he is calling a dame."

VITA SPRINGS (a suburb of Jamul): Meeting in full session this afternoon, the California State Supreme Court of Jamul handed down an unprecedented decision "disbanding the California State Supreme Court - the other one, that is." Chief Justice Roger Traynor was ordered seized and held on charges of "impersonating a human, being unkind, voting with the bad guys, and high treason." The latter charge, the only one carrying a possible penalty, caused the court to deputize C. Francisco Desperdicios, presently Deputy Lord High Grand Vizier Imperial of Local 332, I.A.M. Auxiliary of the Order of the Eastern Star, to make the arrest. Desperdicios returned from his mission in only two hours, amazing in view of the fact that it takes thirteen hours to drive to Sacramento. "I didn't get Traynor," the deputy reported, "but I got proof that the Sacramento Court wasn't unanimous." With that, Associate Justice Stanley Mosk spoke from the doorway and announced his defection to Jamul. "This is my home, God forbid, and I'll stick with it." Meanwhile, the northern counties, still garrisoned by Jamulians, girded for an expected onslaught by Highway Patrolmen. Dum-de-dum-dum.

BORRERO SPRINGS: After repulsing a vicious surprise attack by Boy Scouts armed with switchblade merit badges and heavy artillery, the ranking officer of the Borrego garrison, Lt. Clinton McKinnon, called up his superior at headquarters in Jamul. The conversation went:

"Hello, General Matselboba? This is Clint in Borrego."  
Silence.

"Are you there?"

"Hell yes I'm here. It's your dime; start talking."

"I have good news, sir.- The enemy attacked but we stomped 'em."  
Pregnant pause. "You....did....WHAT!?"

"We beat 'em off - er, I mean 'back.' They got their lunch, y'know."

"Did they now, McKinnon?"

"Yessir - all sorts of gooey stuff all over the place...."

"You stupid son of a bitch!" roared Matselboba suddenly. "I told you that you were to give up that rat hole out there. Imbecile! Oaf! I suppose you actually had the stupidity to kill someone!"

"Yes, sir, the three of us got a lot."

"Oh my God....well, I might as well know now. What was the body count?"

"Five hundred and seventy-three, sir. But there's plenty more. They're out there now revvin' up for another go."

"WELL THEN YOU GOD DAMNED WELL PACK YOUR ASSES OUT OF THERE NOW!"

"Well...er...all right, sir, if you say so, sir. But...ah...where do we go?"

Suddenly the other voice turned quietly syrupy. "Oh, come now, McKinnon, you didn't really ask that question, did you?"

"Yes sir, I sure did, sir."

"I don't care where you go. Go to Paris or Caizo or Dnepropetrovsk for all I care! Go conquer Cestillo Wells! Go somewhere! But GET OUT." Slam.

Three hours later Cestillo's Neo-Roman garrison was wiped out in

thirteen minutes as McKinnon and his two men stormed in. This leaves only Jacumba with a Neo-Roman straggler garrison, and a few scattered hamlets - Campo, Rancho Santa Fe - with soon-to-be-removed loyalist troops. 98% of San Diego County is now Jemulized. More to come.

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The number after your name indicates the last issue on your current subscription. Renewal reminders will be sent with said last number.

THE FUTURE: The California Civil War will continue, of course. And next issue, the Poetry Contest results. After that, another contest is in the offing. And we hope we can persuade Eric Just to continue with us for his 'Chess Nuts' as well as other things. If any reader wishes to contribute anything, we'd love it. And any suggestions or criticisms would be most gratefully accepted.

for now, adieu